

THE GOOD SAMARITAN

By George Elmer Cobb

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It was only a quick, light footstep, but Walter Bliss had waited for it. He followed its echo till it died away and then sat down at the window in his room to dream about its owner, as he had done many a time before.

It was half an hour later when the housemaid came into the room and placed some fresh towels in the rack.

"Thank you," said Walter, in his usual courteous way. "I wanted to ask you; wasn't that Miss Thorpe who just returned?"

"Yes, Mr. Bliss," replied the maid.

"I hope she's found employment."

"She has—and it's too bad!"

"What! When she has so patiently sought employment for over two weeks?"

"I don't mean that," quickly explained Norah. "You see, sir, dear young lady that she is, she came home just filled up with joy of getting something to do. You know she is a typewriter. Well, she brought home a lot of stuff to copy, but it had to be done by morning. If it was done well she was sure of a lot of such quick orders right along, and what do you think? There was a note for her from a girl friend whose mother is dying, asking her to come to her at once. It's her good, tender heart. I heard her sigh as she put down her work. 'My duty is to my friend,' she said, and she has gone to sit up with the dying lady."

Walter Bliss said no more just then. He was a roomer in the same house but he had never spoken to the girl in whom he had become interested and whose lack of employment he had learned from the talkative Nora.

Walter had a good position. He himself very often did extra work on own typewriter, but generally afternoons afforded sufficient to cover this. He paced the room after Norah

had gone. He could not get Miss Verda Thorpe out of his mind.

He went out into hall as he heard the maid come its length.

"Norah," he said, "you are a good girl and I know you like Miss Thorpe."

"I do, indeed, sir," she responded. "She is so kind and good to me. I pity her, too. It's too bad that she will have to lose a good chance by taking that work back in the morning, isn't it, now?"



"I Hope She's Found Employment."

"Would you like to prevent just that?" inquired Walter.

"I would indeed, sir. Why, what do you mean?"

"You bring it to me, Norah," directed Walter. "We can be immensely helpful to Miss Thorpe. I will do the copying on my own machine. Then, early in the morning, you come and get the work and place it in her room where she will see it as soon as she returns."